## THE CHILD OF THE CITY.

By Mrs. E. M. Henrotin.

THE subject of the better housing of the poor is receiving the attention of all students of social economics. Broadly stated, the question of decency is one of room, and in the crowded tenements and small shanties fitting so closely one into the other that only dark alleys are between, it is impossible to bring up children with that regard for decency which is the outward sign of the spiritual grace of purity.

Last Winter a conference was held in Chicago at the Northwestern Social Settlement, presided over by President and Mrs. Henry Wade Rogers, of the Northwestern University, on the subject of "Housing the Poor." The sanitary conditions of the district surrounding the settlement were stated, and to a person at all nervous and not accustomed to being in the tenement quarters, it gave a feeling of almost panic, and, as a sweet woman who was visiting the settlement for the first time said to me, "while I was listening to the account of the sanitary conditions of this district, and looking at the maps, it took all my self-control not to get up and run home." The striking characteristic was the lack of space, of water and of light. As many as ten families in one household were using the same hydrant, and similar details of lack of the conveniences, even the necessities, of life, were presented. The Northwestern Settlement is under the charge of the students of the Northwestern University, of Evanston, Ill., and the president and faculty of the university, as well as the students, have shown the greatest interest in their work in the settlement. There are many clubs connected with the settlement, social economic clubs, largely composed of men; girls' clubs, which meet in the evening and are really study classes, domestic science and dressmaking being two of the course; boys' clubs and a large and flourishing woman's club and the mothers' club. The interest aroused at the conference held in the Winter has resulted in several very practical things, and right here, at the risk of seeming a preacher, I would like to say that I think nothing is more demoralizing to the individual than to know of abuses and not to make some effort to remedy them. It seems to me that knowledge without action on these problems hardens the heart, and I should not advise a club to make a study of such conditions simply for the knowledge of it, but to endeavor, even in the smallest way, to use for the advantage of the community the knowledge thus acquired.

The condition of the children in the crowded districts is naturally the one with which all women sympathize—the lack of space for playground—and even babies are obliged to play on the sidewalk or in the dusty street, as the small and hot houses, in many of which various occupations are being carried on by the older members of the family, oblige the children to seek refuge on the dusty, heated sidewalks. The Northwestern Settlement determined that the children of that neighborhood should have a playground, and they influenced several officials of the Northwestern Railroad, whose tracks run through the district, on behalf of the little ones, with the result that a lot was secured on the left side of the tracks, situated midway between the North and West Division Park systems, about a mile and a half from each and two blocks from the Chicago River. The lot is four hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, and opens on Polk street. The north end of the lot adjoins a large lumber yard, and it is the ambition of several people interested in the playground to ultimately secure the use of this lot, thus doubling the size of the lot. There are no factories about the playground; the neighborhood is one of small tenements, shanties and lumber yards, many of the men being stevedores and working on the river wharfs. The atmosphere is, therefore, fairly clear from smoke. The whole district seems to swarm with children, and in most of the families Polish and German are spoken. Seven out of ten children only in this district speak English, the other three would hardly understand it. As an example, a young man who was assisting one day in keeping order was sent to tell four little girls that they must not stand up in the swings, as it was dangerous; two of the four could not understand English, and he was obliged to lift them down and explain by signs that they might fall out. Of the parents, probably one-half speak English, and the other half understands it.

The playground is in the hands of the Improvement Housing Committee, which was appointed at the time of the conference held last February. They collected the subscriptions to properly equip the playground. The expense of maintaining the ground has been guaranteed by thirty people; the city furnishes the policeman, who is an inspiration in his line. His name is Mr. Onthank, and he pronounces the playground "the finest thing out" and "just where he belongs." He added: "I am destined to have charge of a lot of children, and these children behave themselves like little men and women, and are very fair with each other."

The playground was formally opened on the afternoon of September 4, and the lot was only secured the 1st of August, but it was thought wise to allow the little ones the use of the grounds during September and October. Only what was strictly necessary was done. The ground was level and the lot fenced in with a gate at one end. On the west end a shelter was built a hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. At the back of the shelter are two toilet rooms for girls and two for boys, and between is a comfortable room for the matron. One is always to be in attendance. Under the shelter are seats, and it is thought that on rainy days when not too cold many children will avail themselves of the shelter as a playground. North of the shelter are arranged swings and tethers for the girls, while at the south end of the lot there are swings and gymnastic apparatus and tethers for the boys. It is not intended to separate the boys and girls in any games they desire to play in common, but it has been found in all public playgrounds for children that they much prefer to be apart, the very little boys naturally playing with the girls, and as many of the latter have babies with them, the boys are inconvenienced by the very little ones. The most delightful thing, however, the joy forever, is an octagon box thirty feet across both ways, which stands in front of the shelter and which is filled with clear sand. The box is a foot high, and if the children tumble out it makes no difference. On the day of the opening this space was literally covered with children, who were building houses, kindergarten forms—some of them had been pupils at the Northwestern Kindergarten—and, above all, burying themselves in it. A young man was standing near by looking on, and he said to me: "This box of sand is the most successful feature of the place; see how those children enjoy it, and how quiet they are," and I remarked that they were playing almost in silence, at least without loud talking, and the young man added: "They are building something, and that is why they are so satisfied and so quiet." This was true of the little boys as well as the little girls. Both were alike in their almost silent enjoyment of the sand.

Though the formal opening was held on the 4th of September, the playground was opened the week before, and it is estimated that a thousand children a day had been present and not a fight had occurred. The matron said that several of the boys who were present the first day had used oaths, but that Mr. Onthank had issued an order that any boy or girl who used bad language would be prohibited from playing on the grounds, and that had settled the question. On the day of the formal opening the priest of a parish church (and this is one of the largest Roman Catholic churches in the world, embracing over 50,000 members) and the Mother Superior of the Polish Orphanage, situated in the vicinity, were present. On certain days the orphans are to play with the other children—a wise arrangement. Thus thes elittle ones who are forced to live in an institution will come, in their play hours, into the community life. A saloon keeper, a very influential resident of the ward and a very good man, made an address in Polish, explaining the use of the playground to the parents and the rules which would govern it. Mrs. Rogers then made a short address, which finished the informal exercises. The parents were present in large numbers, the women bringing the babies along and seeming to enjoy it even more than the children. An observer spoke of the difference between the parents and children, that the children's looks had improved both mentally and physically over that of the parents, that they seemed much more alert. Two or three hundred men were there, as it was a Saturday afternoon, and they had come from their work on the way home to witness the jubilee. They were helping the children, and seemed to feel that they were responsible as well as the policeman for the good order and pleasure of the occasion. This Fall trees are to be set out, and in the Spring a narrow border of flowers will be planted around the lot—not large enough to inconvenience the children, but simply broad enough to give the color and decorative idea to the ground.

I cannot close this account of the opening of the playground without testifying to the pleasure which every one seemed to take in helping on the work, from the president of the great Northwestern Railroad to the carpenters who worked on the fittings, and the architect, who insisted on donating his services gratuitously. Every department of the city, from the Mayor down, was anxious to have a hand in the playground. I have given these details in full because, just at this time, it is comparatively easy in many cities to secure vacant lots for the use of the children, and ten years from now it will be impossible to do so.

## COSMETICS AND CURES.

By Shirley Dare.

MARIE writes: "Can one ever get rid of a red nose? Mine has troubled me for some time, and has caused the loss of all that makes life worth living—a lover."

I can't help a shrewd suspicion that in time Marie will find the luckiest thing ever happened was the loss of that lover, but whether these little tin gods, as the profane slang of Boston calls the dear divinities, are worth a regret or not, their loss makes women's hearts sore all the same. I rejoice to tell Marie that there is no necessity for her to wear a red nose all her life. As usual, the letter leaves out every item of health which would allow safe advice. But in all cases of red nose without pimples it is safe to wear face powder which has no lead or bismuth. The fine talc powder or the precipitated fuller's earth are most adhesive and cooling, and should be rendered more so by rubbing a drop of glycerine on the skin with the finger before dusting the powder with the hare's foot, which is better than the swansdown puff. Mustard poultice applied to the back of the neck and the loins once a week, or a porous plaster worn on the loins, will often remove redness from the nose, especially if all constipating tendencies are actively overcome. The mustard should not be allowed to draw a blister.

Kitty B. sends a letter which is a specimen of what the majority of women have to say, or rather do not say: "I have been troubled for some time with blackheads and a sallow complexion. I went to a doctor and he gave me a preparation which only made it worse. Now, I used to have rosy cheeks and a very good skin, so you can imagine how it worries me. I try to be careful about ventilation, bathing, food, etc., but it wont get any better. Now, wont you be kind enough to tell me what to do?" Not a word as to habits or condition which cause the trouble. It may come from malaria, insufficient nourishment, over-eating or dyspepsia or mental worry, which last will spoil a complexion as quickly as anything. The oracles are silent in such a case.

J. L. E.: "What is the benefit of massage treatment, and how is it given? Is it good for the complexion?" Massage is not rubbing the body merely, as people think, but kneading and working the muscles by another person. The limbs and muscles of the trunk are grasped, pressed and moved with the same motion as kneading bread. The effect is to stir and equalize the circulation, relieve congestion and stimulate functions. In short, it is exercise taken second hand, and much in favor with persons who object to personal exertion. It brightens the skin, just as rubbing does, but its effects are not to be compared with those of bodily effort, if one is not in an invalid state and is capable of exercise. The contraction of muscles by the force of one's own will and nerves is the only way to gain strength and sound circulation. Passive exercise by massage will never develop sound muscles or prove more than a temporary stimulus. It aids the system like a crutch, and, like it, is to be dispensed with whenever possible.

The French recipe for preventing wrinkles is harmless. Boil the white of four eggs in half a pint of rose water, add half an ounce of powdered alum and the same of sweet almond oil, beating all to a paste. It is better than benzoin recipes. To soften the skin after using it apply toilet cerate. To darken gray hair burn peach stones to charcoal, powder fine with two parts of bruised gall nuts, and put in a pint of strong white wine vinegar, with two ounces of iron filings; boil half away, strain and bottle. Use either liquid by dipping a comb in it and combing the hair till quite wet, sitting in the sun bareheaded half an hour after.

To change commonplace brown hair "to a warmer tinge," infuse fresh saffron in rosemary tincture and steep the hair in it by wetting well and covering at night with an oiled silk cap to prevent evaporation. Put one small handful of saffron in a pint of tincture. This is entirely safe.

The toilet mask will not cure pimples, nor is vaseline good for them, except as a dressing for raw surfaces. C. says: "I have been taking arsenical wafers since March, and they have done me no good, so, if you will, tell me something to cure pimples quick; I don't care what it is." Try first this wash: One-half ounce of powdered borax, one ounce glycerine, one pint camphor water; mix and wet the face with it twice a day, leaving it to dry on, then wash off in soft water. If after using a fortnight no relief is found, wash the face with strong soft soap at night and apply powdered sulphur wet with spirits of camphor. Let the paste stay on all night; wash o next morning, and rub the face with cerate. Bathe with hot water and soap daily.

Nina wants to know the quickest way of making the hands and wrists plump. Soak them in a bowl of hot olive oil before sleeping, and wear loose castor gloves all night. In the middle of the day rub the hands and wrists briskly ten minutes, first one hand a moment, then the other, then rub well with warm perfumed oil. Soaking the hands in warm milk also nourishes and whitens them.

A matron writes that she has always had a lovely complexion until forty-two years of age, but the skin now looks tanned, and the sides of the face are covered with a soft down that is most annoying. She has used beer as a tonic, and wishes to know what will take its place. It is not singular for the complexion to change after forty, but care will preserve its youthful fairness. Hot baths three times a week, coarse bread and cereals added to the usual fare at each meal, electricity in moderation and unfermented grape juice as a tonic instead of malt liquors will probably remedy the complexion and certainly improve the health. Toilet cerates will remove the down of the cheeks.

"My eyes are very pale blue, and the lids are inflamed. Is there anything to improve them?" For the inflammation bathe the lids as often as possible with this eye water: "Twenty grains of sulphate of zinc to one-half pint distilled water. Also take an aperient, compound rheubarb pills or compound liquid powder, for which you must ask the druggist.

May has had a very clear, white skin, with plenty of color, until last year, and her face is covered in parts with small white spots not as large as pimples. She is apt to eat rich food, and is inclined to grow stout, which she dreads. It is rather hard to leave off all the good things to eat, and one must be careful to keep all the discharges of the system free to carry off wastes. Use only coarse bread, pie crust and biscuit made of whole meal; eat very slowly; use no lard or sodden fried food; take acid drinks often, and work hard out of doors daily, and one may eat dainty food without being harmed by it. For the white pin-head pimples, pierce with a needle and press out the contents; rub tar soap on the face and let it dry, and then wash off with hot water. Take seidlitz powders, seltzer aperient or vichy daily for a week or ten days, using coarse food all the time at each meal, and a glass of grape juice or lemonade for breakfast, and color will improve and flesh lessen.

A Reader asks: "What shall I do to make my face plump? I weigh 135 pounds, but look as if I did not weigh over 120. I eat a great deal of oatmeal, etc., but it don't seem to make any difference." The treatment of such cases by the schools of physical culture is to rub and work the lower part of the cheeks ten to twenty minutes each half day. Rubbing them with almond oil or toilet cerate at night restores plumpness, when used with the exercise. Work the jaws up and down as if eating, with the mouth shut, ten minutes at a time. Also life the chin as high as possible and drop it 100 times at each exercise. This treatment should be kept up three months to see any marked change.

Marie, Blue Eyes, and half a dozen others desire the shortest way of removing freckles. Try first poulticing the face with a bread and milk poultice, or almond paste, worn over night to soften the skin, then wash, dry and rub the face with a freshly cut lemon, allowing the juice to dry on the face, repeating the application of lemon as often as it dries for two hours, and the whole performance for a week. Or, mix a spoonful of best powdered mustard with enough lemon juice to make a thick paste, and a teaspoonful of almond oil. Mix well and apply to the face night and morning till the skin smarts. In a few days the scurf skin comes off, and the freckles leave with it. When they disappear wash the face five times a day with borax water, a half teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water. Rub the face with cerate after these applications, to relieve any irritation. Greasy faces indicate poor circulation in the rest of the skin. They demand hot baths, with friction of the body daily, and are well treated by saturated solution of camphor in alcohol, with which the face should be frequently wet, allowing it to dry on.

## She Was a Reaf Trilby.

(See Page 12.)

THE most famous artists' model that Paris has known in the last century was Sarah Brown, whose tragic death by suicide not so very long ago upset the Latin Quarter completely.

She had all the charms of Trilby and many of her characteristics, and the students one and all adored her. She was their idol, and always in demand. She was not a very good woman—neither was Trilby—but she was kind and sympathetic and gay. She brought life with her wherever she went, and her figure was absolutely perfect in its mouldings, the flesh being soft and white.

She posed for many famous pictures and statues, and for many a celebrated artist. She was a friend and blessing to many students who could not afford to hire her as a model, and she knew all the artists well.

It was entirely because of her that the awful students' riots occurred a few years ago, and which lasted a week. It was during the students' carnival in Montmartre, and Sarah Brown attended one of the balls wearing little besides a sash about her body and many strings of jewels. The police interfered and compelled her to put on some more clothing, and the police were set upon by the students and many deaths resulted.

Sarah Brown's reign was a long one, but after she grew stout and commenced to lose her lines the artists naturally chose other models. Yet she was as popular as a good comrade as in her first youth. But the fact of her waning beauty preyed upon her, and she did what despondent people always do in Paris—took her life.

She was mourned long and tenderly by the entire Latin Quarter, and she lies buried in Montmartre, where she reigned so long.

She was the most intelligent model known to the present generation of artists, and she always threw herself into whatever character she was posing for with true dramatic feeling. She took a deep interest in the pictures of the artists, and had a fine critical taste, so that many students actually depended upon her opinion. She was always among the invited guests at the varnishing day reception at the Salon, and newspaper reporters and even critics were known to refer to her judgment.

Her father was English, which accounts for her name, while her mother was French.

## THE FIVE-DOLLAR CLUB.

By Jule De Rythe.

BOSTON has started the fad, but it is too good to be confined to the limits of the Hub. It is an entirely new and original method of entertaining socially, and it is called the Five-Dollar Dinner Club. It is like this:

Each of the Boston women who belongs to this dining club gives the weekly dinner eaten by the six members in regular turn, limiting the price of the dinners to five dollars; no more under any circumstances, but less if she wishes.

Here are the by-laws of the club:

"Each Saturday one of the members shall give the dinner.

"The amount spent must not be over five dollars.

"There shall be no limit as to courses.

"Any member can keep the expenses of the dinner under five dollars if she sees fit.

"Each woman shall pay her share of the cost of the dinner each week.

"The club shall remain in existence for six months at least, to give a fair trial of the experiment. If successful, other members will be added."

The first dinner given was a success. The cost was $3.36. Here is the menu:

Tomato Soup.
Baked Blue Fish.
Roast Shoulder and Breast of Lamb.
Spinach. Browned Potatoes.
Lettuce Salad.
Apple Pudding.
Grapes.
Neufchatel Cheese. Biscuits. Coffee.

The price of each article is here given below, with the directions by which some of the dishes were cooked.

Can of tomatoes for soup, twelve cents; soup greens, five cents; soup meat and bone, ten cents; three and a half pounds of bluefish, at fourteen cents a pound, forty-nine cents; bread for stuffing, five cents; six pounds of shoulder of lamb, at nine cents a pound, fifty-four cents; one-half peck of spinach, thirty cents; two eggs on spinach, three cents; one quart of potatoes, eight cents; two heads of lettuce, twenty cents; oil and vinegar, ten cents; apples for pudding, six cents; eggs, flour, sugar and milk for pudding, fifteen cents; grapes, twenty cents; three Neufchatel cheeses, fifteen cents; biscuits, ten cents; coffee and sugar, twelve cents; bread, ten cents; butter, twenty-six cents; flowers, ten cents. Total, $3.36.

There was plenty of everything and to spare, and nowhere could a member of this club have bought her dinner for the small sum of fifty-six cents, which is one-sixth of the cost of the dinner.

The baked bluefish was voted a triumph of culinary art, and was prepared as follows: The fish was drawn through the gills and then washed in cold salt water. It was stuffed with a stuffing made of putting half a loaf of stale bread in cold water and soaking it for half an hour. The water was then nearly all squeezed out. The bread was then put in a chopping bowl with the following ingredients: Half an onion, two sprigs of parsley taken from the soup greens, and half a teaspoonful of sweet marjorum—all chopped fine—and then well seasoned with salt and pepper. The fish was well filled with the stuffing and laid on three well-buttered slices of bread in the bottom of a dripping pan. Two or three little pats of butter were put over the top of the fish, and it was seasoned with salt and pepper and put in a hot oven and baked till the flesh separated from the bone. It was served very hot with quarters of lemon. The apple pudding was made by beating two eggs and six tablespoonfuls of sugar to a cream, adding a pint of milk, and stirring it well through the eggs and sugar. Then a little nutmeg was grated in. Enough flour was added to make a stiff batter, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder was mixed with the flour before it was stirred in with the other ingredients. A mould was then buttered and a layer of batter and a layer of apples, which were peeled and cut in quarters, were put in, and then another layer of batter and a layer of apples. This process was repeated till batter and the six apples were all used. The mould was not quite full, room being left for the pudding to swell. The cover was fastened on tightly and the pudding mould put in a kettle of hot water and placed on a moderate fire, where the pudding boiled four hours.

A hard sauce of sugar, butter and the white of an egg beaten together and flavored with nutmeg was served with the pudding. It was delicious.